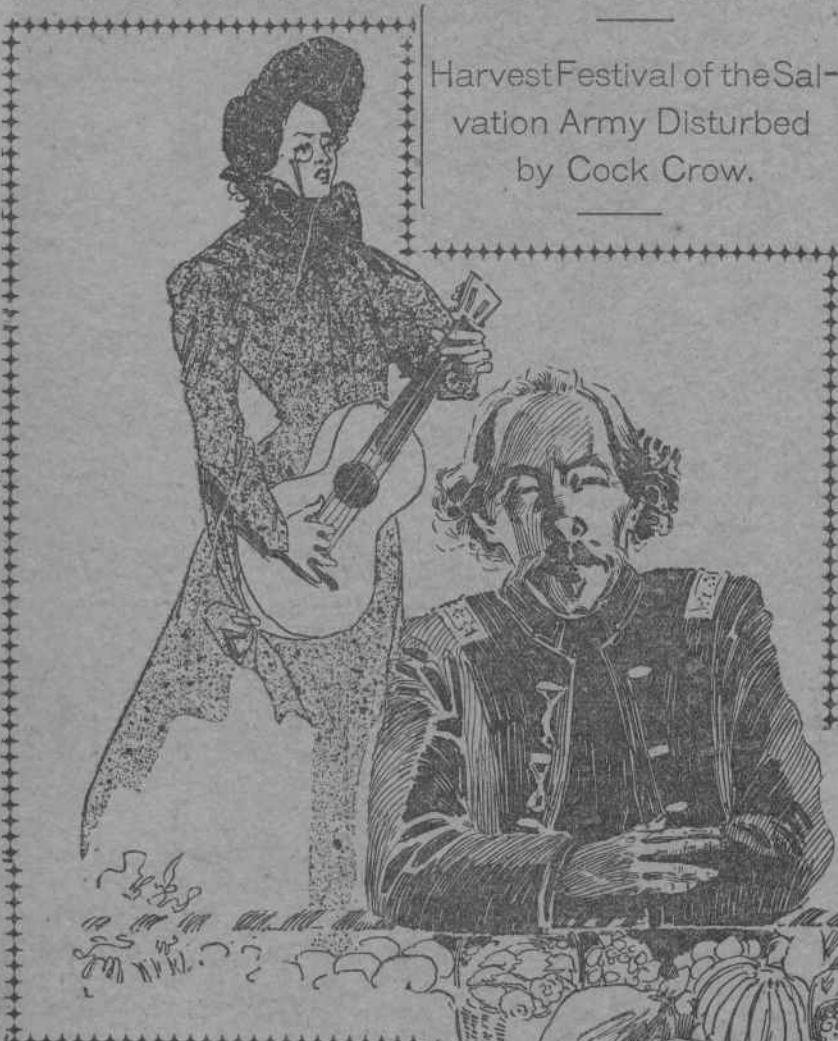


PRAYERS AMID FLOOD AND FRUIT.



Harvest Festival of the Salvation Army Disturbed by Cock Crow.

THE AUDIENCE GIGGLES.

Com. Booth-Tucker Promptly Turns the Incident to Good Account.

THE Festival of the Harvest was celebrated by the Salvation Army all over the country yesterday. Commander Booth-Tucker conducted meetings here in the morning, afternoon and evening. It was a very busy day with all Salvationists.

The afternoon and evening services were at the Harlem Salvation Army Hall, one hundred and twenty-fifth street, and Lexington avenue. The hall was crowded.

The walls of the auditorium were decorated with such legends as "What Shall the Harvest Be?" "Gather in the Sheaves," etc. A semi-circle of vines, autumn leaves and evergreens overhung the front of the rostrum. Seated upon this elevation were the speakers, a large brass band and about fifty women in uniform, from the Army Woman's Training School.

Just in front of the rostrum a huge table had been placed, and upon it, piled in bewildering profusion, were fruit and vegetables of widely varying descriptions. There were apples, pears, bananas, grapes, lemons and coconuts. There were melons, red peppers, turnips, parsley, pumpkins, potatoes and celery.

There were also of preserved fruits and boxes of crackers and other goods not perishable. All were arranged tastefully. It appeared as if some Italian friar would, imbued with the artistic spirit of his native land, had been the master hand.

At both ends of the table there were several crates of chickens. The fowls and the plants of the farm had come to do honor to the revival of the ancient feast.

This made the festival offering of the Harlem Army Corps. When Commander Booth-Tucker entered the room and saw the great offering, he exclaimed:

"Hallelujah!"

Then there were a beating of drums, a momentary silence and then a chorus of a loud clapping of hands, and a genuine "rebel" yell. Adjutant Barker, the woman commander at Harlem, had shouted the order.

"Fire a volley!"

Commander Tucker took charge of the meeting at once. He was tired and ill, but the meeting was lively from the start. There were gospel songs set to well-known comic opera tunes. The band led the verses and a piano accompanied the refrains.

There was a song by Ensign Thompson, a young woman from Hawaii. She sang a Hawaiian hymn, plucking her own accompaniment with a guitar. The whole crowd was singing with her before she finished. As she sang Commander Tucker knelt before the altar, eyes closed.

Toward the last of the service Commander Tucker was making an earnest appeal to sinners to leave their wicked ways, when, just at the climax of the appeal, one of the caged roosters crowed. There was a perceptible flutter all over the congregation, but the speaker continued undisturbed.

At a moment there was another crow, louder and longer than the first. The audience broke into un restrained laughter. Still the commander was unabashed.

His Rejoinder Sobered All.

A third time the rooster made himself heard, and it seemed as if the whole purpose of the meeting would be lost. But above it all could be heard the shrill voice of the speaker, saying:

"Fire, fire!"

The cock crowed before Peter denied his Master three times. Perhaps this cock is crowing now because some of you are denying the Lord to-day.

The effect was wonderful. The crowd was hushed, the hearty "Amen" of the soldiers moving among the congregation were once more to be heard, and Commander Tucker led in a closing prayer for blessing upon the service.

Commander Tucker, after the service, said: "Last year we realized \$20,000 in this country from this festival. Some of this was devoted to our poor relief work in cities, some to the Woman's Training School, some to our local work, and the remainder to furthering the advancement of the national organization.

"This year we expect to raise more than \$30,000. We have had the most flattering reports. Our workers have been sent among farms all over the country, and contributions in great abundance have rewarded their efforts. We sell these offerings and realize good sized sums from them. The non-perishable goods are stored away for the relief of the poor during the winter."

WOMAN DRUNKARD TRIES TO
SUICIDE WHEN REPROVED.

James Dunn, of No. 168 East Ninety-third street, was complainant in the Harlem Court yesterday against his wife Catherine, twenty-seven years old, on the charge of being an inveterate drunkard and with attempting to drown herself. The couple have two children, one five years and the other ten months old.

On Saturday night she reached home intoxicated, and, after being reproved by her husband, left the house and started for the river. Dunn followed. She climbed over the strip of land at the foot of East Ninety-third street and was about to drop into the river when her husband caught her by the arms and called for help. She was taken to the East Eighty-eighth street station and locked up.

\$1,000 A MINUTE FOR 58 MINUTES.

That Is What Rev. A. B. Simpson Says He Collected Yesterday.

IN CARNEGIE HALL.

There Were Also a Gold Watch and a Doubtful Pledge of \$100,000.

A thousand dollars a minute for fifty-eight minutes is a pretty good record even for a professional raiser of money like the Rev. A. B. Simpson, head of the Christian and Missionary Alliance.

Yet that is what Mr. Simpson says he accomplished at the morning meeting in Carnegie Hall yesterday in behalf of the alliance. Besides the \$36,000 mentioned Mr. Simpson read promises of \$100,000, and one earnest and emotional person in the audience, not having money enough



At the Harvest Festival of the Salvation Army.

While one of the ladies sang a Hawaiian hymn to guitar accompaniment, Commander Booth-Tucker knelt in prayer with half-closed eyes. This was at the Harlem Barracks.

"NO PLACE OFFERED
TO AGUINALDO."

So Secretary Root Says After Searching War Records.

Washington, Oct. 15.—"The records of the War Department and of the State Department so far as they relate to the conduct of the war, fail to show anything indicating that a commission in the United States Army had been offered to Aguinaldo."

This statement was made to-day by Secretary of War Root in reference to the allegation of Assistant Postmaster-General Perry S. Heath that a commission had been offered to Aguinaldo.

Adjutant-General Corbin, referring to Mr. Heath's statement, said: "This subject has been referred to me several times. I have never heard that Aguinaldo had had an offer of a commission."

The attention of War Department officials was called to that part of the President's speech at Fargo in which he said:

"The leader of the insurgent forces says to the American Government: 'You can have peace, if you will give us independence.' I have no objection to this. I have never heard that Aguinaldo had had an offer of a commission."

The statement of the President has been regarded here as a distinct intimation by the President that Aguinaldo wished to be admitted as the price of peace. It has been so construed by Senator Foraker, who has asked that the President furnish the details of what Aguinaldo said and what offer of Aguinaldo was made and declined.

The statements of the President and of the Adjutant-General are of importance, and political leaders desire to know the basis for their utterances. If Aguinaldo asked for a bribe, Republicans generally think the fact should be denoted, and officially explained. If Aguinaldo got an offer of an army commission, as Mr. Heath alleges, Republicans want to know why. They ask if it is possible that when Aguinaldo asked for a bribe the President offered an army commission as a bribe, and that he asked for whatever that was.

Furthermore, the public, as well as politicians, are interested in this revelation, proving that Aguinaldo actually was dickered with, and information is likely to be required by Congress as to the nature and details of the negotiations. Senator Foraker may be depended upon to properly agitate the question until a conclusive answer is given by the Administration.

Some officials are of the opinion that the President was revealed an incident not heretofore made public on official authority, and that there have been conferences between Aguinaldo and General Otis in which the President was present, and that the President had been dickered for a big sum of money to stop the war, as he did with Spain, then the President making nothing, and that he was only making a cheap stunt speech is the inevitable conclusion.

Both War Department and State Department officials are surprised that the President and Mr. Heath, who is said to be one of the main forces in the next campaign, should be making public the secrets of the White House.

TOOK PICTURE ON SUNDAY AND
CHURCH EXPELLED THEM.

John Y. Dater and Wife Will Appeal to Semi-Annual Meeting.

John Y. Dater, editor of the Ramseyes (N. J.) Journal, who, with his wife, was expelled from the Christian Reformed Church of Ramseyes for taking a photograph on Sunday, will to-day make an appeal to the Hockensack branch of the Christian Reformed Church, which will meet in annual session in Nanuet.

The consistency of the Ramseyes church against the editor of "un-Christian conduct,"

was made an issue yesterday. The church was divided into two camps. One camp was for the editor, and the other was for the church. The editor was expelled from the church, and the church was divided into two camps.

VANDERBILT WILL TO BE FILED NOW.

Dr. Depew Says It Will Be Offered for Probate This Week.

ALFRED HAS READ IT.

When Document Is Filed an Abstract Will Be Given Out for Publication.

In a few days the will of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, which disposes of about \$100,000,000, will be known and all conjectures regarding its provisions for young Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who inherited his father's displeasure by his marriage to Miss Grace Wilson, will be definitely settled.

"The will is to be offered for probate in the Surrogate's Court of the County of New York probably some day this week," said Senator Chauncey M. Depew yesterday. There will be no family council, either here or at Newport, for the purpose of reading the will. Its provisions are already known to the family. It was read the night of Mr. Vanderbilt's funeral and Alfred Vanderbilt read it as soon as he reached Newport.

When questioned regarding the contents of the will Mr. Depew threw up both hands, smiled and said: "Ah, I cannot tell. An abstract will be furnished to the press before it is offered for probate—that is all I can say."

Mr. Depew said he did not know when Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and her family will return from Newport. It will not be necessary for them to come here when the will is offered for probate, you know. That can be done by the lawyer, Mr. Anderson, who is now in the city.

At Mrs. Vanderbilt's residence, No. 1 West Fifty-seventh street, it was said yesterday that the preparations have been made for her return.

Vanderbilts Have a Family Reunion at Newport.

Newport, R. I., Oct. 15.—The presence of Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilt in Newport caused a mild sensation, and naturally the breakers were the object of much curiosity today on the part of the city walkers and with the pedestrians on Ochre (dubbed "Lucerne") Point.

Contrary to expectation, neither Senator Depew nor Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., arrived. Neither did any other member of the family. Mrs. Vanderbilt, one of the sisters of the late Mr. Cornelius, was present at the Breakers last night when the young man arrived, and also called there again today. As everybody knows, the Vanderbilts are a church-going and naturally the worshippers at fashionable Trinity expected to see the double Vanderbilt pew today.

But Mrs. Vanderbilt did not appear. The pew was occupied by Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Reginald Vanderbilt and their sister, Mrs. H. H. Whitney and Miss Grace Vanderbilt. Mr. Whitney was also present.

Early this evening the private car which brought Alfred Vanderbilt to Newport was ordered to circle around to Wicketford Junction, a distance of thirty or more miles, to the estate of the late Mr. Vanderbilt at Wicketford, which left here at 11:15 to-night with the Vanderbilt party on board.

The only members of the family who were seen on the coast were Mrs. Vanderbilt, his brother, Reginald Vanderbilt, and his brother-in-law, H. P. Whitney. The reunion at the Breakers last night and to-day, even of the coast scene, was not present, was most pleasing. The impression prevails among the most intimate friends of the family here that the Vanderbilt will be a model of a family, and that all its provisions are satisfactory to the entire family.

THEODORE THOMAS WITHIN
A FOOT OF BEING KILLED.

Iron Bolt Drops from a Loft to the Stage, Striking Him on the Rebound.

Chicago, Oct. 14.—Theodore Thomas, conductor of the Chicago orchestra, narrowly escaped fatal injury to-day. He received a wound that will confine him to his bed for several days.

He was conducting a rehearsal at the Auditorium, when an iron bolt dropped from the loft above the stage, it hit the floor within a foot of Mr. Thomas, and, rebounding, struck him in the face, and for a time it was thought one of his eyes had been destroyed.

YOUNG MAN ACCUSES HIS
FATHER OF STABBING HIM.

Son Is Now in Hospital and the Elder Man in Jail Without Bail.

Kossuth Hulle, the twenty-year-old son of Henry Hulle, of No. 144 Bayard street, Williamsburg, is in a dangerous condition from a stab wound he received early yesterday morning, he says, at the hands of his father.

The son, who is now in St. Catherine's Hospital and his father is in Raymond Street Jail, without bail.

Police Sergeant O'Reilly and a roundsman found the son in his own home with a deep wound in the right arm. Several arteries had been severed. He said his father stabbed him.

When arraigned in court the father declared the son had injured himself. The magistrate was informed of the boy's critical condition and the father was committed without bail.

GAVE HIS LIFE TO SAVE
WOMEN AT HOTEL FIRE.

Wallace B. Hale, a Travelling Man, Suffered After Heroically Rescuing Other Guests.

Chatham, N. Y., Oct. 15.—The Windsor Hotel, of this place, was burned down this morning at 2 o'clock. The fire originated in the basement and the entire building was so quickly filled with smoke that escape by the hallway was cut off, and the guests, about thirty in number, were forced to seek safety by fire ladders.

All but one escaped. Wallace B. Hale, of Brattleboro, Vt., succumbed to heroism by rescuing several women. His body was found in the ruins. He was a general agent for a book company in Philadelphia. The occupants of the hotel saved nothing whatever but the clothes they wore. The loss was \$35,000; insurance, \$14,000.

MACEO'S SON TO LECTURE.

Returns from Service in the Philippines for a College Course.

Minneapolis, Oct. 15.—Santiago Maceo, the young son of the Cuban General Antonio Maceo, is in the city, having come from Spokane with Company A, of the Thirteenth Minnesota. He is a first lieutenant in the Cuban army.

FAIR CYCLER ON 800-MILE SPRINT.



Mrs. Jane Lindsay on Her Record-Breaking Eight-Century Run.

Mrs. Jane Lindsay Bent on Rolling Up the Eight Centuries in Record Time and Is Already Far Ahead of Her Schedule.

THROUGH the walls of white mist, by day and by night, a young woman is speeding a bicycle over Long Island roads for another world's record for women.

Ambition to beat the last record is put down as the excuse for Mrs. Jane Lindsay's attempt to ride 800 miles in ninety-six hours. She is grimly determined to be the "woman who did," and at 5 p. m. yesterday, with 340 miles to her credit and nine hours ahead of her schedule, she was more than confident of success.

The route is the well-known triangular course of twenty miles from Valley Stream to Freeport, Hempstead, Lynbrook, Foster's Meadow and back to the starting point, Tom West's Hotel, at Valley Stream.

This record-breaking cruise began with Miss Jane C. Yattman's ride of 500 miles over this course in July last. Mrs. Lindsay followed with 600 miles in early September, and soon afterward Miss Yattman completed 700 miles in eighty-two hours, a remarkable feat.

Mrs. Lindsay determined to regain her lost laurels. For two weeks she has been in training, doing thirty miles a day over the Coney Island cycle path, and hardening her muscles for the trial. At 8:30 o'clock Saturday morning she appeared with her husband and a corps of trainers and pacemakers at Wythe avenue and South Eighth street, Brooklyn, and began her run for the record.

The first century was completed at 4:15 p. m. on Saturday, the second at 1:30 a. m. yesterday, and the third at 11:30 a. m. At 5 p. m. Mrs. Lindsay had made forty miles in the fourth century. She was riding easily, and save for a strain of the wrists was feeling well.

Bicyclists galore, men and women, boys and girls, wearing all conceivable colors, thronged to West's Hotel yesterday. Dodging in and around the groups was a busy little woman, Mrs. J. M. Van Kleeck, of No. 401 Clifton place, Brooklyn. Mrs. Lindsay's trainer, close by and in frequent consultation was Mrs. Lindsay's husband, a lineman for the Edison Company.

There was a cry, "There she comes!" The crowd rushed to the road, and, while riding along in a cloud of dust, bent over the wheel like a racer came Mrs. Lindsay, accompanied by two pacemakers. She leaped nimbly from the road and ran to a table, where she ate a bit of toast and drank a cup of tea. She wore a red and green striped sweater, gray bloomers, a gray cap and large glasses for the protection of her eyes from dust. She had no sleep, and had rested five minutes at each of three stations on the lap of twenty miles. She

was scheduled to sleep two hours at midnight, or after the fourth century had been passed.

But feel very well, indeed, except that my wrist aches a bit," Mrs. Lindsay said to a Journal reporter. "The heavy fog held us back last night. The mist wet the road and hid the lights. I sat well and do not feel weary or sleepy as yet. I am sure that I shall accomplish the task."

Mrs. Lindsay weighs 110 pounds, and is about thirty years old. She will drink chicken broth, beef tea, milk, and will occasionally have a chop and raw eggs. Among her caretakers and pacemakers are Miss Carrie Hitchcock, of No. 130 East Thirty-second street; Mrs. Emma Bayne, two well-known bicyclists, Len Levy and Gus Gelles, of the Vigilant Bicycle Club; Gus Elder, Eddie Klein, A. Marquez, Phil Lewis, William Marshall, Jack Hall and Jack Boyd.

Opinions are divided as to Mrs. Lindsay's ability to make the record. Her husband said that the fog was very discouraging, but he hoped for clear weather. If the weather is good she will do it," he said. It is said that Mrs. Lindsay may attempt to make 1,000 miles if her condition should warrant it at the end of the eighth century.

RIVIERE SMASHES
A 1,000-MILE RECORD.

A NEW American road record for 1,000 miles was established yesterday by G. E. Riviere, the stout little Frenchman who tried and failed in the last six-day race at the Madison Square Garden. At 8 a. m. yesterday Riviere completed his tenth century over the triangular course from Valley Stream to Freeport, Hempstead and Lynbrook. He started on Wednesday at noon and finished in ninety-two hours, beating the State record of Gus Edgell by thirteen hours and the record of A. Hanson, of Minnesota, by forty-eight minutes.

Riviere was very weary at the finish. He had had but four hours' sleep, taken at intervals. His knees were stiff and his wrists were swollen with pain. His mind became disturbed on the last century and his wife and friends rejoiced when the last century was marked off.

Riviere, after a few hours' sleep, moved around easily and told a Journal reporter that he was feeling very well. He is twenty-eight years old. He weighed 158 pounds at the start and lost fourteen and one-half pounds on the trial. His diet consisted of beef extracts, milk and chicken broth. He broke three wheels.

The trial was carefully watched by members of the Century Road Club and the checking carefully looked after. Riviere's finish was greeted with great applause.

ROBBED HER HUSBAND
TO ELOPE TO ENGLAND.

Mrs. Jones and Stevens Caught in Liverpool and Brought Back to Answer to Forgery Charges.

Wiltshire, Pa., Oct. 15.—Nine weeks ago Mrs. Alice Jones and George Stevens mortgaged the property of the woman's husband for \$800, Stevens impersonating the husband and forging his signature, and then fled to England. The State Department was informed of the case, a cable was sent to the Liverpool authorities, and when the fugitives arrived there they were arrested. They were brought back, and are now in jail in this city.

Mrs. Jones is homely and shows her age, which is forty-five. Stevens is a slim, clumsy fellow of thirty-two. The woman has written several letters to her husband, asking him to forgive her, but he will not push the case. They will have a hearing to-morrow.

Engineers Off for Target Practice.

Company D of the Engineers, 130 strong, will move in heavy marching order from Willet's Point to Creedon tomorrow for a week's target practice at the range there. Captain John Mills will be in command. The men will practice firing in company and in squads. On their return to Willet's Point, Company C will go to Creedon. The target men in use for the range are figures the size of and resembling men.

There is a chance that if Dr. Burtzell declines the Epiphany rectorship Dr. McGlynn will get the place.

Another Successful "Pop."

Second of the Metropolitan Concerts Drew a Large Audience.

The second Popular Concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening drew a large audience. Zelle De Lussan, Josephine Jacoby and Theodore Van York were the soloists, and Henry Schmitt the violinist. The Metropolitan Opera House orchestra was under the direction of Emil Paup.

M. Salguac was to have appeared, but was prevented by a slight illness.

Mrs. Flake's Triumph as "Becky Sharp."

In "Becky Sharp," the play which is founded on Thackeray's novel, "Vanity Fair," Minnie Maddern Pike has not alone won credit for the manner in which she has presented an English classic on our stage, but in her impersonation of the tricky and heartless Becky she has added to her renown by a portraiture which proves her to be a player of keen mentality and gifted with unusual histrionic skill.

WED IN A BOAT ON MILTON LAKE.

Seymour and Miss Lewis in One Bateau Minister in Another.

INTERRUPT HIS FISHING.

Couple Would Not Wait to Go to Land—Witness Stood on the Shore.

James Seymour and Miss Jeannette Lewis, of this city, were married by the Rev. Maurice Leonard, on Milton Lake, near Highway, N. J., on Saturday afternoon. The bride and bridegroom occupied one bateau and the clergyman's pulpit was another.



A Scandinavian farm hand on the shore was witness. Leonard is a retired Baptist clergyman, who was forced to give up the ministry owing to illness. His charge was at Pleasant Plains, N. J. He is an ardent fisherman, and was engaged in that pastime when Seymour and Miss Lewis, both in bicycle costume, appeared and asked the time. The clergyman informed them that it was then 5 o'clock.

Seymour and his companion then went away. A few minutes later Mr. Leonard moved out to the chained end of the lake, where the black bass were plentiful. Half an hour later he saw a boat put out from the shore. As it drew nearer he saw that it contained the couple who had addressed him a short time before.

The boat stopped near the clergyman and Seymour said:

"Excuse me, sir. Are you a minister?"

"I am," answered the clergyman.

Seymour then introduced himself and his companion, and said they lived in Sixty-fourth street, New York, and had left New York on a tandem intending to go to Pleasant Plains and return by the Central Railroad. They were twenty-two and twenty years old respectively and wanted to get married.

Mr. Leonard advised them to return to their home and get married, there, as a farm laborer named Josephson stood saying, "He'll be witness."

Minister, bridegroom and bride then stood up and performed.

After the marriage Seymour moved to the clergyman's boat and handed the latter a fat fee. He then rowed to shore, and, after waving good-bye to the bride couple, moved off the tandem and rode away laughing and happy.

The farm hand returned to his work and Mr. Leonard resumed his fishing.

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